

February 1, 2025

Trusting the Rug Turner

In a bustling bazaar where colors weave,
A rug salesperson stands, with tricks up their
sleeve,
With tapestries grand, both old and new,
They tell tales of rugs, and dreams that ensue.

"Come see," they call, with a twinkle bright,
"These rugs will transform your home to delight,
From Persia's patterns to Turkish knots,
Each thread a story that time forgot."

With nimble hands, they turn and show,
The intricate designs, the world below,
A twist here, a flip there, a magic spun,
Rugs that dance in the midday sun.

"Feel the texture, the silk, the wool,
Every rug is a treasure, a masterpiece, a jewel,"
They speak of artisans, of ancient lore,
Of hands that weave the legends of yore.

In the art of turning, they reveal more,
The hidden sides, the secrets in store,
A simple flip, and eyes behold,

The beauty within, the warmth, the gold.

So in the market where wonders meet,

A rug salesperson's charm is hard to beat,

For in each rug, a journey starts,

An artful twist, and they capture hearts.